

Polly Jean Harvey

"Hitting the ground"

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I was beaten up, I was beaten down
By my life and a photographic sound
I was filled with love, I was filled with rage
My life book shook with the turning of it's page

Hitting the ground, hitting the ground
And there ain't no friend round, never be found
Hitting the ground, hitting the ground
And there ain't no-one there to help you come down

I was not on drugs, I was not on beer
I was still with love, I was full of fear
If I asked the question, life will tell no lie
Love will ask the question are you willing to die

Hitting the ground, hitting the ground
And there ain't no friend round, never be found
Hitting the ground, hitting the ground
And there ain't no-one there to help you come down

I'm gonna go way up in an aeroplane
I'm gonna go way out insane
I don't know if I'd ever come down
I don't know if I can reach the ground

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